

VOICE

March 1996 Volume 3 Number 5

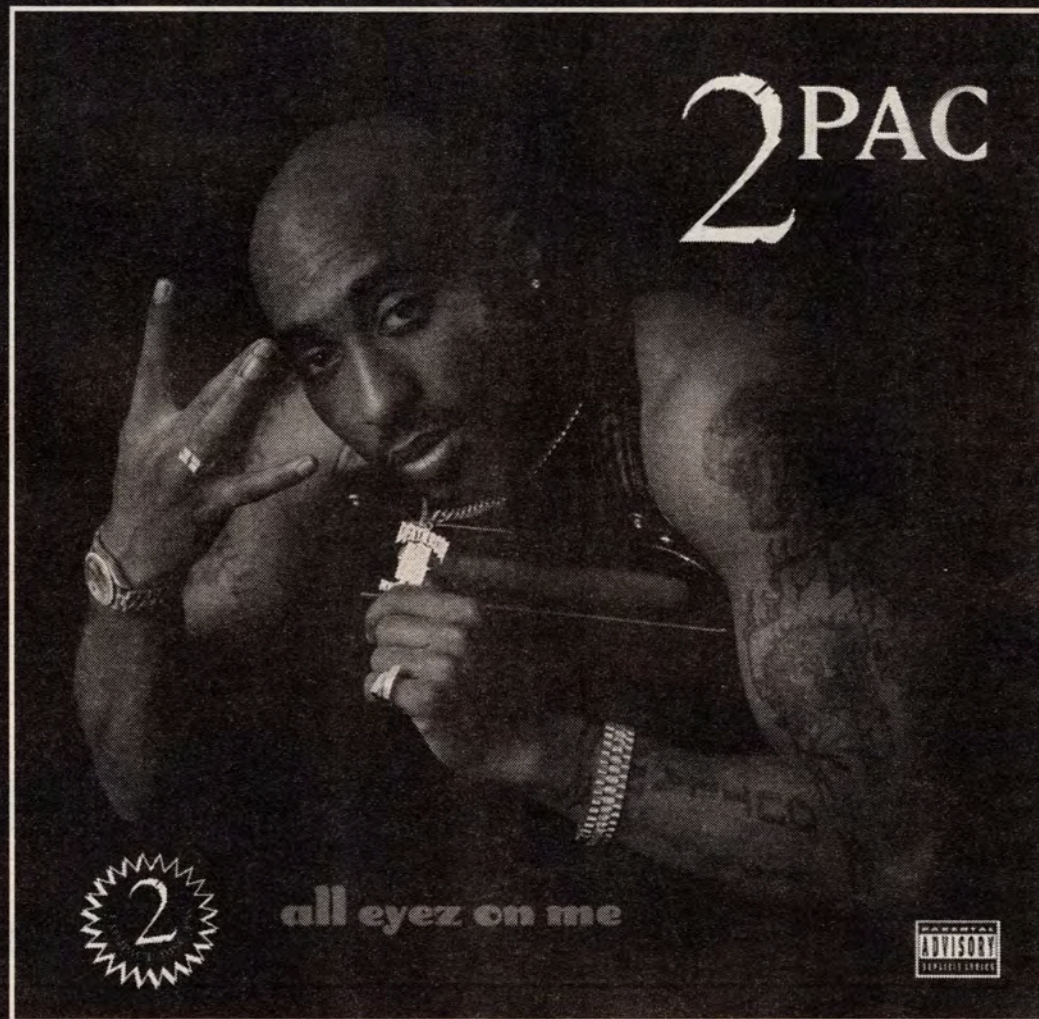
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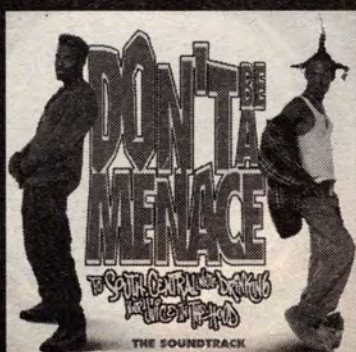
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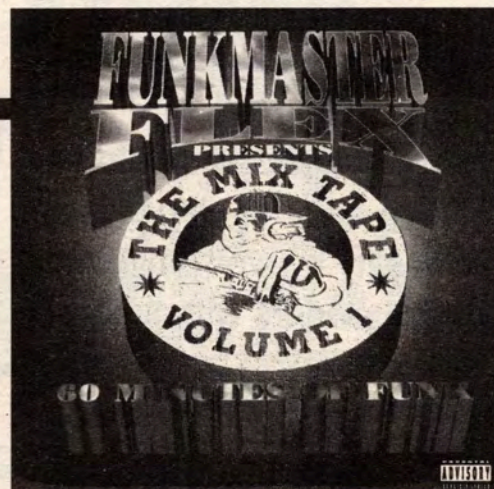
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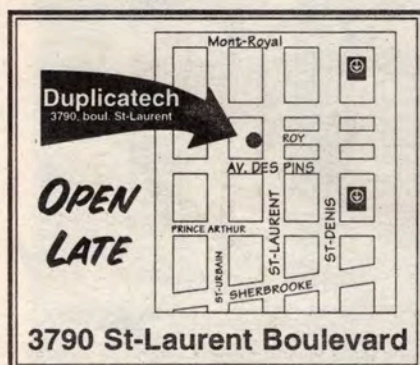
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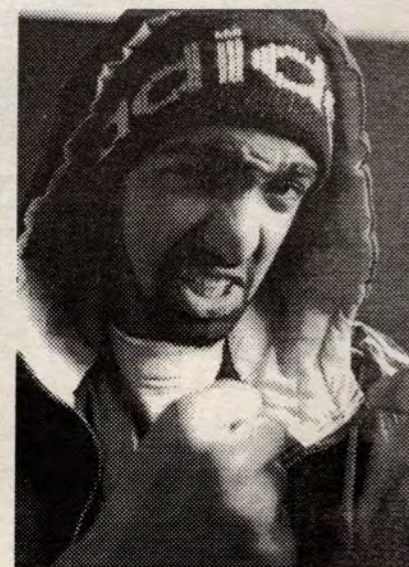
Quote of the Month

"If you want to sit here in your little world with your little closed mind that's fine because that's where you're gonna stay for the rest of your life"

-L.A. pop star Rufus Wainwright to a local DJ that refused to play his newest *Dreamworks* (David Geffen/Spielberg) recording.



Taiwan's Lian Yia Hsin sent this picture and said "I can't get this piece of Jap crap to work... I wish I had a Harley."



Pum Singh reckons himself a tough guy but he talks like Michael Jackson and listens to bhangra with his mom.

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by Melissa Auf der Mar

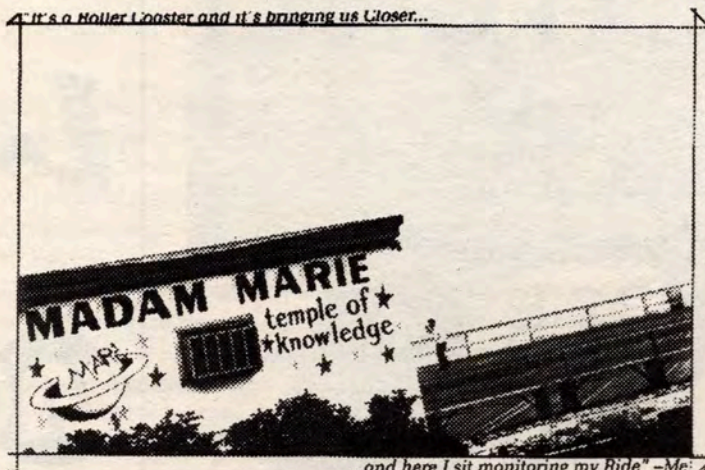
Life in Hole

This slice of my thoughts is for the Pisces edition of the Voice:

I'm in New York City, February, 1996, and it's a four-flight walk up to apartment 13. I open the door and enter my bedroom, bathroom,

the past year and a half I've been touring this little planet of strange faces, places and time changes. I've been making the most of the discomfort of travel, the pleasure of playing music, and the intrigue of

It's a Hollar Looster and it's bringing us closer...



...and here I sit monitoring my ride" -Me

and kitchen all at the same time. It took me six months to find this cozy room that costs me five times as much as my beautiful, seven-room, high-ceilinged (oh, I miss you) apartment in Montreal.

Through the bars on my window, which miraculously allow in tons of sunlight, I have a view of a spacious concrete playground connected to one of the city's many housing projects. Around the corner I have access, 24 hours a day, to anything I desire; things I didn't know I needed, wouldn't have thought I'd like, or can't believe I've finally found. But it just so happens that lately I've been feeling like staying in.

For all my 23 years of living and loving Montreal I was always craving outside stimulus and what it felt like to be away. I wanted to be in places unfamiliar and face the challenge presented by new situations. Then, in August, 1994, I joined Hole and, practically overnight, the Unfamiliar Forces of the Outside officially invaded (UFO — yes they do a lot of flying). For

meeting new people. Ideally I would like to be continuously open to the many things the "great outdoors" has to offer but my limited free time is sacred.

I've been grateful for my roller-coaster ride of sensory overload, which I will be embarking on again soon, but it's now time for a rest here in New York. I'm in the city that glorifies hustle and bustle and constantly splashes you with endless waves of opportunity, but I'm in bed watching movies. It so happens that three previous Montreal roommates of mine live here too. They, however, are relishing in the opportunity provided by this American wonderland. Jill is working as a journalist for *The Village Voice*, Janice is an A&R rep at Atlantic Records, and Zarra is doing AD work for various films and TV shows. While they have moved up the ladder of their pursuits rapidly, I have come to New York to retreat, recharge my batteries, fall in love... and maybe I'll sort out all this new information I've gathered.



GG Allin Doll

He's cute, he's cuddly, he eats his own shit. Some guy in Toronto makes these two sided mini-pillows which come with a Baboon Dooley cartoon inside.

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Racism

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Planet of the Apes

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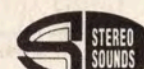
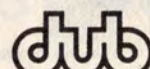
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SKATEBOARDS, SKS SHOES, SKS CLOTHES

Snow Bored to Death

-by Rod Freshveal

When you're a boarder living in the east generally sucks. We don't get much snow, we don't have real mountains and it's always cold and icy which means it hurts like hell when you bail. The worst thing is, because the hills are relatively small, you're always near the bottom so you're in close aural proximity to the pabulum they pump out for the enjoyment of the slugs who would rather sit in a lodge eating overpriced deep fried foods than be out on the hill.

I've never understood the relationship between the skiing and bad rock music. From those boring "extreme skiing" videos to the made-for-TV ski rock compilations (featuring hits of 20 years ago or more!) the lowest common denominator sits halfway between the pissed-off "this sucks" and the funny "this is so lame" mark. Why the fuck are these places stuck in this time warp? When was the last time you were at a hill and the shitty loudspeaker system played something good? It's almost always top 40 white-trash music. The J. Geils Band, Loverboy, Pat Benatar and, of course, the mighty Steve Miller Band. These places are stuck in a suburban

mall circa 1982, playing music for those freaks who still go up to the hill in army jackets and tight jeans; people who find Jerry Springer "informative" and think deli-meat ends are a food group. If it's not Export "A" smoking, Laurentide swilling morons, it's pseudo cowboy styled idiots with bright shoulder padded "CAN-AM Extreme Ski Team" neon jackets, "Barenaked Ladies" ballcaps with Hootie and the Blowfish playing in their sports walkmans.

Why are these places so glacially slow to acknowledge that a rapidly increasing part of their paying customers don't like what they're hearing? Are they simply not interested in catering to a market which they have no connection to except for a common love of fresh powder? Maybe it's just a matter of time, things are slowly changing after all. It wasn't so long ago that these same ski hills allowed snowboarding only grudgingly. Now some don't care if you don't have a leash when they rent you a board. Not long ago I heard an Offspring song blaring out right after BTO and the Hootie boys were nodding

their heads. When you think about it Epitaph isn't that far away from Fat Wreck Chords, so maybe Jerry Springer listens to Hi-Standard and No Use For A Name.

Maybe the day of complete assimilation isn't too far off. I bet in ten years the hills will be covered in 35-year-old, baggy pants wearing, Morrow board riding fools, listening to a top ten NOFX hit, complaining about the kids, flipping out to the bass and drum soundtracks blaring out of their portable DAT walkmans, as they trip on the latest reality-altering chemical mainlined into their system through dermal patches. But by that time I won't care, I'll be gorging on a meat end



Tokyo's Hi-Standard are sno-jamming through Canada in March.

sandwich and looking forward to the Rancid reunion tour.

SNO-JAM is a massive new school punk Canadian tour starring Hi-Standard, No Use for a Name, Ten Foot Pole etc... The show was supposed to accompa-

ny boarding events like The World Cup and Snowboarding Canada but they kept getting cancelled so most of the gigs are in clubs such as Sault St. Marie's Princess Theatre where snowboarding isn't allowed.

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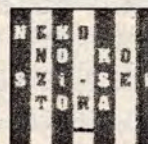
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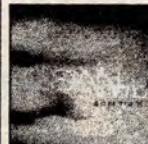
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-by Dan Pollock

Dropplin' Out

The burgeoning underground scene in Japan consists of expatriots and rulers of the New York scene like Cibo Matto, international disco stars Pizzicato 5, cutesy pop babes Shonen Knife, noise-kings The Boredoms and lesser known bands such as the Nelories, Teen Generate, the Registrators, SuperSnazz, Hi-Standard, Zeni Geva, and rapper Kimidori, who are all waiting to blow up worldwide. When I lived in Japan, I got to meet some of the kids creating the scene.

Overwhelmingly, the scenesters are the kids who drop out. Economic determinism based on your ability to pass an exam is a harsh reality in Japan. By the age of 15 your course in life has been mapped out through a series of exams. If you go to a shitty elementary school you'll end up going to an even shittier high-school and won't become part of any economic miracle. Strange as it sounds, some Japanese do not wear suits and spend millions of dollars on golf. Many work in bars,

have a lot in common with the kids who pass the exams: they are never alone.

The tiny-breasted, bee-stung lipped Maki was sitting at the bar drinking scotch on the *rokku* and talking to Kenji, the bartender at Trump (a jazz and '70s soul bar in a small industrial city near Osaka), when I met her. She immediately told me about the band she plays in. "Mutaratoh... my band's name is Mutaratoh."

I finally realized she meant her band's name is Mutilator. They do hard-rock covers, mostly old Heart songs and the Ramones, because it is all they are capable of playing. Maki likes a lot of underground Japanese punk and garage bands, such as The Guitar Wolf and the Boredoms, because they are *kakoi* (cool) and they don't act cute like

To drop-out in Japan is to go full on.

Rastafarians have three feet long massive dreads and smoke Castro-sized blunts; rockabillys have enormous pink quiffs and 12 inch creepers, and the punks, the punks are so punk they make The Exploited look like The Superfriendz. Everyone does things 110 percent, even the misfits, and they're never alone.

working in a hair salon. An average day for Maki consists of listening to housewives tell sex stories for ten hours and shampooing a few hundred heads. The relentless work ethic and team player mentality is as prevalent with the punk street kids as it is with the slick corporate class. After more drinks Maki and I moved beyond Mutilator. "My boyfriend," she told me in English, "was not good boy."

Shinichi was definitely not a good boy. A short-order cook and a *Bosozoku* (a teenage motorcycle punk) who cruised around town on a 250cc Yamaha without a muffler, he was also a small time drug dealer for the *Yakuza* (Japanese mafia). One morning after a big fight, Maki left her apartment to go to work and Shinichi grabbed her and tossed her in the trunk of his lowrider Maxima. He drove to a love hotel, tied her up, took some photos and

threw her back in the trunk. Shinichi sent the pictures to her parents along with a ransom note demanding money. She was stuck there for two days before the police finally discovered the car. Maki didn't say much else about this ill shit, except that Shinichi is completely out of the picture now.

decision with serious consequences and no turning back. Once a young person distances themselves from the examinations system leading to a good job, there is little chance they will change course midstream. There are not many 25-year-old university students in



ramen shops, and gas stations, along with hanging out at the train station to arrange love hotel liaisons. These young rebels arouse more curiosity than the straight kids I taught, but they

most Japanese pop *idoru*. Unlike most Japanese entertainers, bands like this exude danger and are even somewhat impolite.

Maki quit high-school when she was 16 and immediately started



These kids are considered to be freaks in Japan; they don't go to school, they don't wear suits to work, and they don't like *karaoke*. They may be outcasts from mainstream Japanese life but they are misfits en masse, revolting through gangs, music and fashion.

To rebel in Japan is not only expressing yourself, it is a lifetime

Japan and there are not many Boredoms fans working at Sony. The permanence involved in dropping out of mainstream society is a pretty serious inhibitor to change, but a lot of kids are fighting the power. When you drop out there is a group of misfits ready to take you in no matter how esoteric the subculture - cyber-psycho-billies or hip hop jungle junkies. Japan's freaks can look forward to a whole new family.

Children are raised to suppress some of their personal idiosyncrasies for the good of the group. This is powerful stuff and can't be changed just through blue hair and body piercing. In Western societies we are taught the importance of individual rights and independence. In Japan it is said that "the nail that sticks out will be hammered down." Sound awful? Not so fast whitey.

Maki didn't conform to her parents' desires for her to go to school and meet a nice boy. She doesn't want to get married and work part-time at Mr. Donut's. Maki's dream is to move to London and hang out with punk-rockers while she studies hair design. Her parents don't support her, her country doesn't support her, and her boyfriend nearly killed her but she keeps on with a posse of freaks whose camaraderie and loyalty is totally unique to Japan.

Watch out for Mutilator in '97.

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the Genius of Curtis Mayfield

-interview by Gavin McInnes

Superfly Curtis Mayfield was singing about revolution and black power when your dad was still saying "I pooped my panties." The record companies, the promoters, even black radio, tried to stop him but he kept on pushing. He started his own label, invented soul music and made the darkness "right on."

Today, at 54, he's still pushing and the *Voice* was there to "check out his mind."

Voice: Back in the early Impressions days (Mayfield's original band formed in 1958) you were doing revolutionary songs like "We're a Winner" and "Choice of Colours" when all the promoters and record companies wanted black people to do was go "Do wap do wap" and dance around. You were making them nervous.

Curtis: "We're a winner" was a fantastic success for The Impressions and it was quite an inspiring recording, however many

In many ways you're right. With The Impressions we did mostly love songs but as a black man myself, I also felt the need to contribute and do songs of inspiration from my heart. In the '70s with albums like *Superfly* it had more to do with people involved in drugs and what have you but even that had a message. In spite of *Superfly*'s glittering pusher surface he was still trying to get over. "Freddie's Dead," "Superfly," "Think" and "Cocaine Song" were inspirational songs that said you don't have to be manipulated by the man or become anyone's addict. Be glad that you got your own and be glad that you can see, your mind's a natural high, the man can't put nothing on me.

What do you think about hip hop? It's a new generation. With the high tech synthesizers and all the new electronic equipment it has

It's very important, whether they be black or white to own as much of themselves as possible. The music business has always been one-sided, where the producer and the writer have never had a stake in the publishing rights and production points that make the big money in the long run. I'm happy to see young people get wise to that.

What about all those Curtis Mayfield tribute albums with monsters like Michael Bolton. Don't you think they're blasphemous?

How can it be blasphemy? I've been in this business for 35 years and the love and respect I've received since my accident has given me longevity.

What accident?

That was over six years ago, I'm sure you know by now.

Yeah, you were hit by a lighting fixture or something?

I was going on stage in New York in front of about 10,000 people, it was an outdoor affair, and I can't really say what happened because all I know is I was walking towards the front of the stage with my music playing and when I came to I found myself to be paralyzed.

But you're still running the show there at Curtom? You're still the boss?

I'm still the boss.

What projects are you working on now?

We are releasing a three CD box set on Rhino records that will give you good coverage of Mayfield recordings from the past right on up, a great sounding set. And of course there's a book that will be released in the next few weeks on Dub Audio and Dub books. It's about 72 poems that have been taken from my songs. Also I'm recording a new album on Warner Brothers that will be all new original stuff, with the help of producers like Darryl Simmons and Organized Noize and Narada and possibly even a Jimmy Jam cut. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Just one last question. Do you believe in God?

In my own rights. I don't claim to be overly religious. I like to claim the wisdom and understanding of being a spiritual person. I believe in all people's beliefs so long as it doesn't infringe upon another and doesn't harm anyone.

But if there's a hell below we're all going to go right?

I'll see you when you get there Gavin.



stations didn't want to play that particular song simply because it was associated with the goings on of the time. These were the years of Martin Luther King and many stations, black stations, were simply not ready to play songs like "Keep on Pushing" even though they reflected the sentiment of that era. The timing was perfect and in spite of the controversy, the people wanted to hear it.

So, the powers that be wanted you to be content with being an entertainer and didn't want you thinking, but by the time you recorded *Superfly* five years later everything had changed and it was hip to think.

allowed many a kid that wouldn't normally be able to participate in the music business to get involved.

Do you mind people sampling your work?

Well, I see it as quite flattering and I'd like to take this time to thank all the young people who have used my samples because, of course, the companies have to pay for that and during these recent years in the business it has served me well.

Now we have all kinds of artists standing up to the record companies or starting their own labels but you were doing this back in 1968.



Canadian Human Rights Commission

Black History Month "Towards Effective Equality"

By: Diane Fecteau

The Canadian Human Rights Commission is proud to have taken part of the 1996 edition of Black History Month. This celebration provided a good opportunity to outline the overall evolution of human rights in Canada.

Until recently, Canadians who were neither White nor Aboriginal constituted a visible, yet paradoxically invisible, minority. Their contribution to the development of Canadian society was rarely noted.

Yet, their presence on Canadian soil dates back to the very early days. In fact, the first Black person to become established in Canada was Mathieu Da Costa, who came with Samuel de Champlain on his third voyage to Canada in 1606. Da Costa served as Champlain's interpreter with the Micmacs, whom he had met earlier on Portuguese fishing expeditions.

A short history of Black immigration to Canada

Blacks began to settle in Canada in the eighteenth century. Later on, in the mid-1800s, many Black slaves fled the American slave states by the "underground railroad". Most of these people settled in Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec.

In 1880, Canadian railways mounted the first recruitment drive in the West Indies colonies to hire Blacks to provide services to passengers. At that time, Montreal had a Black population of fifteen hundred.

However, it was not until the end of the 1960s that they were accepted fully as immigrants in Canada. Up until then, Canadian immigration practices showed a distinct preference with respect to countries of origin. The 1960s marked the beginning of large-scale immigration of visible minorities to Canada from Haiti and Africa, for example, at a time when European immigration was insufficient to meet Canada's labour needs. Subsequently, a large number of immigrants came to Canada because their countries of origin were in the grip of war, dictatorship and other political problems.

Human rights in Canada

The 1960s and 1970s were the golden age of human rights protection in Canada for it was in these two decades that all of the provinces, and the federal government, enacted anti-discrimination laws.

At the federal level, the *Canadian Human Rights Act* was passed in 1977. By enacting this legislation, the Canadian Parliament created the Canadian Human Rights Commission whose mandate is to fight discrimination in employment and the provision of services under federal jurisdiction.

In 1982, the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* was enshrined in the Canadian Constitution. The passage of the *Employment Equity Act* in 1986 and, soon after, of the *Multiculturalism Act*, adopted in July 1988, reinforced the legislative measures which governed human rights in Canada.

Indeed, Canada is a shining example with regards to legal equality. Nevertheless, upon analyzing the progress achieved over the last quarter-century, one is struck by the gap that remains between legal equality and effective equality and is forced to conclude that much work remains to be done. Declarations of fine intentions that are not followed up with concrete measures often intensify feelings of frustration, of marginalization and of exclusion among ethnic and racial minorities.

Towards an equitable society

At the threshold of the 21st century, our aim is to attain effective equality for ethnic and racial minorities. This requires the firm resolve of various socio-economic forces to favour their integration into Canadian society. In this way alone will we be able to claim to evolve into an equitable society where the participation of traditionally marginalized groups in the workforce reflects not only their real demographic weight, but also their competencies and the cultural diversity of Canadian society. At that point, we will truly celebrate "harmony within diversity".

To contact the Canadian Human Rights Commission:

Quebec Regional Office 1253, McGill Ave. College #470 175, Bloor Street East, 10th floor Montreal (Quebec) H3B 2Y5 Tel: (514) 283-5218 Fax: (514) 283-5084 ATS: (514) 283-1869	Ontario Regional Office Toronto (Ontario) M4W 3R8 Tel: (416) 973-5527 Fax: (416) 973-6184 ATS: (416) 973-8912
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live

Michael Rose
 Feb. 22, 1996
 Club Soda

During the late '70s Michael Rose, together with Puma Jones, Duckie Simpson, and Sly and Robbie, gave us some of the finest militant roots rockers in reggae as Black Uhuru. When Michael Rose left them in the mid-'80s they were never the same.

Rose hit the stage decked out in green African silks and a dashiki. The back-up band, much like the openers, failed to deliver. The obligatory medley intro of Black Uhuru songs were uninspired, followed by the hits, "Spongi Reggae," "Youth of Eglington (T.O.)," and "Short Temper." The set included a brief lesson on the Far Eastern vocal styling, with a 1996 twist. I would need another lesson to even remember what it was. For now, though, it's still too twang. I especially didn't like hearing a medley of Uhuru hits sung over the "Rumours" riddem. I wanted to hear those hits in their original form, or at the very least drum and bass original style. *-Bayani C. Esguerra*

Cypress Hill, Pharcyde
 February 14, 1996
 Metropolis, Montreal

I waited two years to see the Pharcyde, who are probably the dopest hip hop band on the face of the earth. After using cunning, height and savy to get into the show for free, I



photo: Ron Casseus

was blunted and bamboozled by the fresh beats and style that radiated from the stage. Their set was short but sweet, with an incredible version of "4 Better or 4 Worse." It was pretty enchanting to see so many faces hip hoppin' to such phatness, too bad they weren't headlining.

Cypress were all right. I don't recall what songs they did, or if I really loved it, but as Fat Lip, Imani, J-Swift, Bootie Brown and Slim Kid put it "If I had another sack I would roll it up, I would light it up and I would pass it along." Cypress Hill did not come close to matching the supreme power of the Pharcyde, although the most entertaining part was how many ultra-fun-magic-jay-bones I puffed on for nuthin'.

It was somewhat of a freak cultural phenomenon, where we celebrated the destruction of brain cells and the good vibes that follow. *-Arish Ahmad*

Phono Comb, Pest 5000
 Feb 17, 1996
 The Rivoli, Toronto

This evening marked the first time Montreal's Pest 5000 stepped onto a stage in over six months, recovering from exploding drummer syndrome in December and working in new skin thumper Alex MacSween in the last couple of months. The hiatus had no effect on the band as they tinkled, boomed, crashed and simply rocked through a set of songs wrapped with violin, moog, and drum machine. This band displays a growing confidence in songwriting and stage presence. Gone are the days when they spent their stage time looking at anything but the crowd. The singing, between members Patti and Gen, is still a trump card and the interplay of notes and instrumentation between the band kept the crowds guessing and entertained.

This night also marked Phono Comb's second hometown appearance. Featuring Reid Diamond and Don Pyle, both formerly Shadow Men, Beverly of Fifth Column and all around musician guy, Dallas Good, they arrived on stage radiating, decked in slick suits and proceeded to shimmy through a set of instrumentals à la Shadow Men. Phono Comb swing more than they surf, using clever song titles (i.e.: "Anarchy At The O.K.") as anchors, keeping their set fresh and entertaining enough to keep the crowd's attention for the entire show by exploring virgin instrumental avenues. Phono Comb will be touring throughout Canada in March and April with Jad Fair. *-Fred Quimby*

Starbean
 Miami/Sizzles
 February (Two dates)

It's a cover-up and the CIA is behind it. Galaxy 500 was abducted by aliens on starship Luna. They send us holographic messages to such remote

pick up centres as *Miami drink bar* and *Sizzles eat bar*. The messages run through the holo-quantafactor-beam and end up as Starbean. The music, thick, melodic and hypnotising is the base for their messages of the goings on in space. Perhaps the greatest band in the quadrant, they are a pleasure button we should all reach out to push. Don't do it! For if touched the holographic rays will be disturbed and we will lose this bliss. Just sit close, listen and taste this music formed in the vacuum of space. *-Shane Smith*



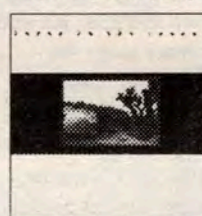
photo: Steve Legan

Gaunt
 Yeah, Me Too
 Amphetamine Reptile

Yeah yeah yeah, let's hear it for the insatiable drunken bitterness that fuels Gaunt songs like a boss '50s hoss. While Wick and the boys spend most of their time getting blind on 96 percent proof and tipping cattle at home on their potato farms in Ohio, this fine album delivers more kicks than Jackie Chan. For real punk rock songs about getting drunk and getting ditched, the skinniest men in the music industry (besides the tiny and frustrated Dr. Albin) deliver. Get a large load of Gaunt motherfucker. *-Goner*

Texas is the Reason
 (self-titled)
 Revelation/Cargo

Texas is the Reason will school all the wimpy pop-punk bands by dropping knowledge like dimes. This three-song EP takes the piss out of anything on Epitaph, Fat, or any other pussy assed label. The



krusties out there will be disappointed when they realize that the band's name has about as much in com-

mon with the Misfits as Glen Danzig does with your grandmother, but still "If it's here when we get back it's ours" is the primest cut of meat I've tasted this year. *-Goner*

Tortoise
 Millions Now Living Will Never Die
 Thrill Jockey

Quickly emerging as the leading indie purveyors of hybrid sound contortions and trigonometric sonic precision, Chicago's Tortoise have created another album that breaks down boundaries between sparse dub drifts and amalgamated math-rock. Featuring new bassist David Pajo (ex-Slint), the six-song album glides and wavers through convalescing keyboard overtures that sink beneath steady drum beats and surface over dissonant feedback. The record's opening track, a 21 minute epic, entitled "Djed," presents a textural insight into the tautology of the remaining songs by incorporating sudden shifts in both tone and substance. "Along the Banks of Rivers" uses sparse surf guitar, slowed down to the pace of lounge silhouettes in a smoky bar. Mixing an array of samples with their start-stop and cyclical guitar patterns, the group has cemented its focus as an escape from preconceived rock genres into a higher level of composition and experiment. *-Jonah Brucker-Cohen*

God
 Appeal to Human Greed
 Big Cat
 the sound of Jesus
 nailed to the holy cross
 divine agony
-haiku boy

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
 10 Murder Songs
 Warner

Since I were a boy I'd always know'd Mr. Cave ta be a morbid son'a'bitch. His sad songs, and even sadder books, is been riddled with more death'n'sufferin than most hospitals ya kin name. This here disc is more a th' same. As the title reck-ons, murder be the theme ta his latest set a tunes. I like killin' and so does

reviews

these Seeds, that's why I'll say that th' cult a Nick is only gettin' a bigger 'n' a nastier. —Shane Smith

Snuff

Demmamussabebonk
Fat Wreck Chords/Cargo

After a lengthy sabbatical, during which time Duncan did the Guns'n'Wankers pro-



ject, Snuff have returned as the latest to be signed to Fat. Demma...is somewhat different from previous releases in that they're all over the place with a mix of pop punk, hardcore, Oi, and even a Brit poppy tune complete with Hammond organ à la Charlatans. Catchy, toe-tapping, but not really up to par with the old Snuff. With the possible exception of No Use For a Name every Fat release's packaging looks like shit. This Snuff record is no exception. The lyrics are written in totally sloppy hand writing. Yeah, real punk rock, gave me a fuckin' headache. —Coinner

Princess Superstar
Strictly Platinum
5th Beetle/CarTunes

Cibo Matto
Viva La Woman!
Warner

Both these bands have made great debut records that are thick on groove and high on humour. Princess Superstar and Cibo Matto are more flip-flop-hop than anything else. Not taking themselves too seriously, they flip the bird to high art yet still retain enough integrity to make their point.

Princess Superstar embrace the '70s without sounding retro, are unapologetically white (to the point of trashiness), and sound like lost mall rats who stumbled across black culture by walking into the wrong hood and staying. With samples ranging from Fugazi, The Grateful Dead, Tom Jones and Rick James, sly wit and cheeky-ness keep this Princess afloat.

Bhangra

Malkit Singh & Harvinder Singh
Forever Gold
GoldenStar/Oriental Star/Music Waves

I have always wondered if talent was genetically related. The long awaited album introducing Malkit Singh's brother, Harvinder Singh, will probably shed some light on the matter. Known for his ability to generate traditional bhangra, we expect a certain quality of music from Malkit Singh and perhaps even from his younger brother. But high expectations are not necessarily a good thing. *Forever Gold* was a disappointment from start to finish. Although the album does provide some traditional bhangra, the remaining tracks are definitely not. Maybe the high expectations of a brother combo might not work out after all. *Forever Gold* hints that, perhaps, talent is in the hands of the beholder. —Mandip Panesar

Cibo Matto are two food-obsessed Japanese women living in New York. A mixture of chaos, control and phat beats, they sound more polished on *Viva La Woman!* than their early singles (read major label bank-rolls).

Both these records deserve to be heard, and are meant to be taken in stride. Kick up your heels, have a good time, shut up and eat... —Fred Quimby

2Pac

All Eyes On Me
Death Row/Interscope/A&M

2Pac is back and he wastes no time getting straight to the point, albeit with a little help from his friends. The phat tracks provided by Dre, Daz, DJ Pooh, and DeVante Swing are definitely hype but this thugs' typical ramblings about bitches, money and booze get tiresome quick, fast and in a hurry. Appearances by Redman, Method Man, Dre, Snoop, Kurupt, Michel'le, K-Ci & Jo-Jo Hailey and the legendary Roger Troutman help to smooth things out. Certainly some good songs, check out "California Love," but as an album (especially a double "pac") it's not quite up to the standards I've come to expect from the Death Row posse. —Simon Briscoe

Fugees (Refugee Camp)

The Score
Ruff House/Columbia/Sony

Oooh la la, The Fugees are back with a second helping of conscious rhymes and rock-solid beats. The strength comes in the form of diversity and innovation in a genre cluttered with biters and wanna-be



gangsters. The two covers, "Killing Me Softly" and "No Woman, No Cry" seem out

of place but are compensated for by tracks like "Ready Or Not," "Family Business" and "The Mask." The two bonus tracks, both remixes of the single "Fu-Gee-La," may seem redundant but the Refugee Camp remix is especially nice. The Fugees, they know *The Score*. —Simon Briscoe

Boys Life

(self-titled)
Crank/Cargo

The songs are filled with producer Mark Rombino's signature style of stops, starts, and beautiful quiet moments which build to a tension-filled explosive wall of sound. Imagine Jawbox guitars layered over a Drive Like Jehu song structure. The nine tracks are powerful and driving yet not so repetitive as to bore or grate on you. They just released a split 10 inch with Christie Front Drive, also worthy of attention. —Woody

Girls Against Boys

House of GVS
Touch & Go

It's a wall-to-wall sex-a-thon at the new House of GVS. Slap the new platter on, hit the red lights and something down deep goes "Click Click," the Girls (Boys?) work the hip-smacking factor 'til your innards set themselves on "Super-Fire." Stop by the carnal "Cash Machine" en route to destination "Vera-Cruz" where the "Zodiac Love Team" awaits you at "Disco Six Six Six." Voluptuous sex grooves ooze out of "Crash 17 (X-Rated

Car)," wantonly groping beyond the suck-boy crap that passed as *Cruise Yourself*. Yeah, this is "TheKindaMzkYouLike" — come on in and close the door behind you. —Twister

Martians

Low Budget Stunt King
Allied/Cargo

Ten songs that stumble with a Jesus Lizard like swagger. Raspy vocals over heavy bass and drums evoke the signature Chicago sound. Very good and fans of Shellac and Unsane will want a slice of this one. —Woody

Combustible Edison

Schizophrenic!
Sub Pop

Another great album from the new kings of the cocktail (sic) movement. With a fuzz guitar right out of "El Dolce Vita" and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" these guys are as suave as you can get. The album starts off with an original ditty, "Alright, Already," which sounds like it was right out of Ennio Morricone's repertoire. In "One Eyed Monkey" Martin Denny receives a dawning of the exotica cap, complete with jungle noises. The highlight of the record is Vic Mizzy's "Morticia" that originally appeared on his Addam's Family record. Their interpretation of this classic seems to breath new life into an already great song. Combustible Edison rest in a league all their own. —Johnson Cummins

Sandy Dirt

Self Titled
K/Outside

Sounds like Jad Fair confessing his love to two lonely Scottish girls. Olympia Washington's Alan Larsen (Some Velvet Sidewalk) provides the indie nerd vocals while Glasgow Scotland's Aggi and Stephen (Pastels) provide the haunting "down-by-the-sea" backdrop. Good tunes to clean your room to. —Gabbo McInnes

Trans Am

(self-titled)
Thrill Jockey

The post-whatever continues, this time with a trio from DC who take their moniker from one the '70s finest automotive moments. The motto "shut the fuck up" is a growing trend these days. Singerless with nothing to say that can't be explained through instruments, Trans Am shuffle through ten tracks balanced between dynamics and warped, bubbly stuff. Prog-rock? Maybe, but this current movement of instrumental outfits seems to borrow from the past in order to create their future, whether we're talking space-rock, dub-rock, or punk rock. The key to all this vocal-less stuff is to keep it interesting enough so it doesn't turn into background music. Trans Am pull it off with confidence to spare. —Fred Quimby

(Palace)

Every Mother's Son 7"
Drag City/Palace Records

Leave it to our mischievous little buddy from Louisville to pull the plug on the wonderfully schematized/whimsical stroke of creativity that left all of indie-rock confused, intrigued and eagerly awaiting the next Palace permutation to rename the band. Yes, Will Oldham and his transient cast of once again lo-fi acoustic players have abandoned the barely exhausted Palace moniker and released a blankly titled single on the telling Palace Records label. Of course, it's no secret who the artist is behind this rustic piece of stunted folk beauty. Even if Will hadn't graciously listed himself on the credits there's no mistaking his dizzying down-home drone on Lynard Skynyrd's "Every Mother's Son" and his apathetic atonality drearily dripping all over Side B's "No More Rides." Will's not seeking anonymity — he's just desperate for a gimmick. —Ilana Kronick

Reggae Revolutions

The Congos

Heart of the Congos
Blood and Fire/Cargo

Produced by The Congos and Lee Perry at the famed Black Ark studio in Jamaica (RIP), this classic CD set, featuring 12 tracks and a bonus CD of old 12 inch mixes and dub versions, nicely represents the rockers' sound. To quote from the minibook included in the package, "Heart of the Congos is together with Bob Marley and the Wailers, Natty Dread and Burning Spear's Marcus Garvey, a defining statement of Jamaican vocal group artistry in the '70s." 'Nuff said. —MossMan

Prince Far I

Cry Tuff Dub Encounter Chapter 3
Pressure Sounds/Cargo

The Cry Tuff Dub Encounter series is a history lesson in reggae legends like Prince Far I. This is dub music in its truest form. It has all the elements a dub release is supposed to have; a smooth groove, bass and drums, punctuated by riddim sections weaving in and out of the mix. In the dub of the late '70s every engineer experimented with a lot of out-board gear, echo, reverb, and flanging. Aspiring engineers should check it out. This album was originally released in the early '80s and it brings the rawness of reggae to the present day. Prince Far I belted (Far I died suddenly in 1981) out

simplistic yet poetic vocals on roots music usually laid down by The Dub Syndicate band. Nobody makes records like this anymore. —Bayani C. Esguerra

Steaming Jungle

The Jungle Dub Experience
Rupununi Safari feat. Douggie Digital/Mad Professor/Juggler R.A.S./Denon

The Jungle Dub Experience seems to live in the studio of the Mad Professor. To date I have come across three jungle/reggae discs from Ariwa. The concept is consistent, straight-ahead reggae tracks mixed by the Mad Professor while the rest of the album is a mixture of dub music with jungle drums.



Some of these jungle mixed reggae tunes sound flat. I find myself listening to incredibly fast beats with no other instruments to support it. There are tracks, however, where the mix is no less than brilliant. Pure reggae lovers fast forward to tracks nine and especially 12 for your reggae fix and then fasten your seatbelts for the rest. —Bayani C. Esguerra

comics

Drenched #3

(self-published)

Rob Schulz may be a pot-smoking-indie-rock-hippy-hawaiian-surfer-boy who just emigrated to Arizona but his Gabor Csupo (Frank Zappa animator/Simpsons/Duckman) style jelly arms just keep getting sweeter and sweeter. *Drenched* gives a good overview of his boundless range from Gaham Wilson rubberman freak-outs to stoic, Chester Brown-like surf chants. Check out his band Gloulglou and his weekly *Rock 'n Roll* strip. —Gabbo



Screwed

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Amphetamine Reptile

This punked-out, noise-ridden, sexy-superstar soundtrack accompanies the documentary (done by the NYU guys responsible for *Hated: GG Allin and the Murder Junkies*) on Al Goldstein's wild kingdom of porn (see Goldstein interview p.19). Personal favorites include the Cows "Pictorial," Halo of Kitten's "I Hate Porn," Melvins' "I Like Porn," and the Strapping Fieldhands' "Porn Weasel." The combination of Goldstein, AmRep and the Hated creators will undoubtedly produce a film of epic proportions. —Suroosh Y. Alvi

Acetone

If You Only Knew

Vernon Yard Recordings/Virgin

Imagine yourself driving in a Winnebago through the American southwest smoking



cigars and stoned on smack. Great music to sleep to; smooth and slow guitar on the fastest track approaches the sensation you get when you mix booze with pills. I liked it. Recommended for narcoleptics. —Gang Lu

The Grifters

Ain't My Lookout

Sub Pop

While dirty notes and a booming bottom end are still the Grifters' trademarks, this Memphis quartet push themselves further with every record. Gone are the days of dirty, grindy, and lovely sounds. *Ain't My Lookout* is a cleaner sounding excursion, from the eerie shuffle of "Mysterious Friends" to the gospel-like "Pretty Notes" to all out rock with "Radio City Suicide" and "The Straighttime." The Grifters play with a grace that can only be, well, southern-like. If Scott Taylor has turned into more of the band's spiritual side then Dave Shouse provides them with the darker, more twisted side of the southern mystique and dark humour. —Fred Quimby

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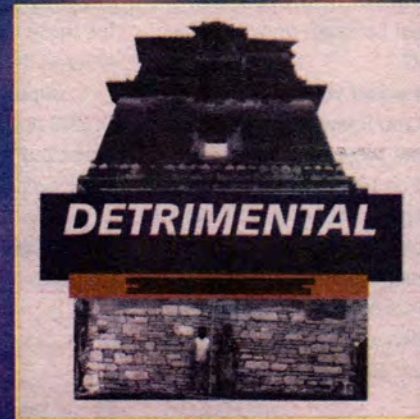
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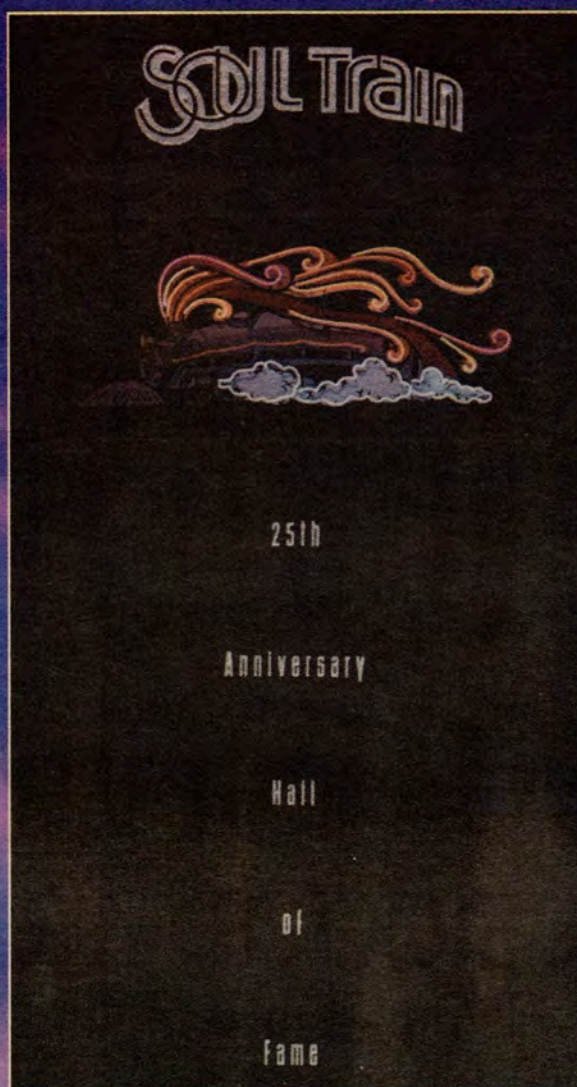
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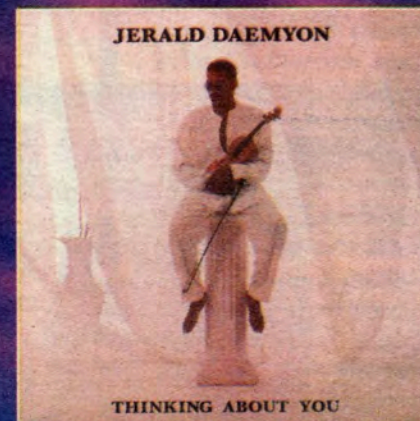
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MCA

-by Osei "manchilde" Alleyne

Eating Soulfood

Have you ever felt your world was coming to an end, wondering whether it was the barking of guns outside or her empty belly that kept your baby girl from sleeping at night?

How would you feel if the only people you knew who weren't on deathrow, were on parole, who weren't on parole were on welfare, and who weren't on welfare were on crack?

Maybe if you had a dime for every year of your baby brother's jail sentence you could bury your homeboy and life would be alright again.

Maybe if your boy's mother kissed him more than she kissed the pipe, he would have given up the magnum, the BMW and the grave he was lying in.

When we spoke, this is the world the Goodie Mob described as their reality. What would you do if, like them, you realized America was busy building jail cells and crack houses for the two and three year olds playing on your block?

Even in Atlanta, America's most promising black Mecca, life for young Africans is no 90210. Khujo, Cee-lo, Big Gipp and T-mo know this and their message is more important than the magnum in the battle for black survival. "Goodie Mob play the role of providing music, Goodie Mob will be that which will keep the brothers and sisters awake and fully prepared for the battle..." states the spiritual Cee-lo.

Armed with the production power of the Organized Noize crew and the promotional power of the black founded La Face cartel, these four soldiers have entered the field for the first time.

In support of Ice Cube, Chuck D, KRS and Kam, who've already mobilized in the field, the Goodie Mob layed back feeding our

wounded and stricken brothers and sisters with their debut, *Soulfood*.

Cee-lo, considered the water of the group, suggests slavery may have been laid upon our shoulders to make us stronger as a people. The most spiritual in the group, he sweetly serenaded his mother in her state of paraly-

Goodie Mob Style

sis. His mother has passed on now, peace be with her.

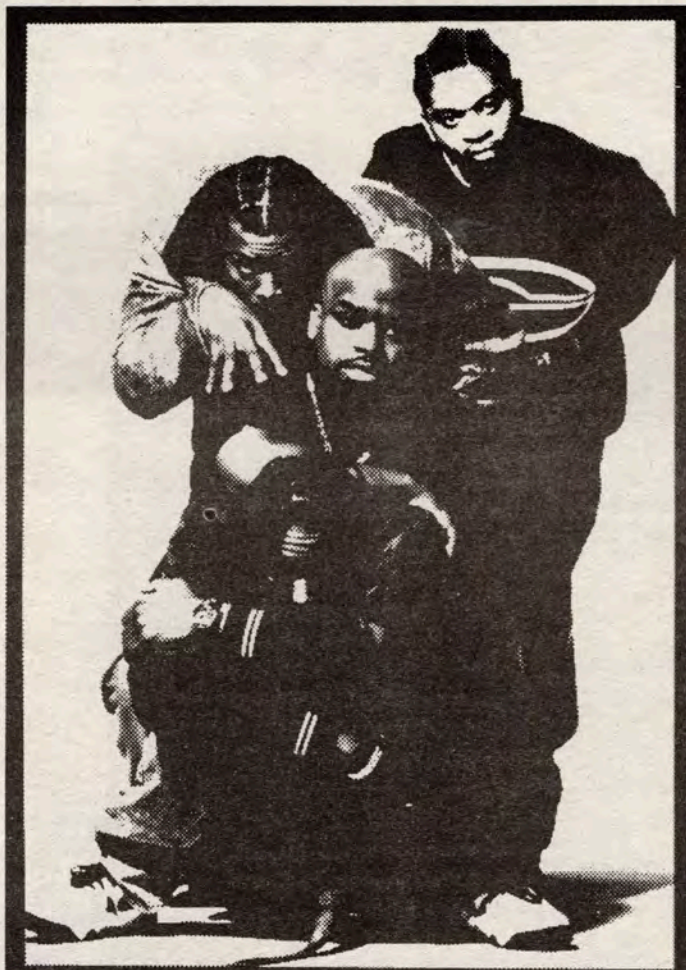
T-Mo, the bread of the group, represents independence and strength. "Fuck Chris Darton, Fuck Mensher Clarke," he cries warning us of a justice system which seeks to destroy us.

Khujo, the meat of the meal, can be hard to chew and tough to digest at times and can be raw to the stomach with his hardcore message.

Big Gipp, the vegetables that

bind the sound together and balance the diet that is the Goodie Mob. As he raps 20-something odd years of struggle could be heard in his raspy southern twang.

The Goodie Mob bring us music for the millions of marching black men and women. They bring us Soul Food to end our spiritual malnutrition. And in a hip hop world where East is still fighting West, they bring us hope for a brighter day.



Hey DJ

Jazzhole ...And the Feeling Goes Round' Bluemoon

The group who brought you Forward Motion are back with a new album of multi-style funk, hip hop, and acid jazz. Here's my reaction as I play them. "The Beat is The Bomb:" chill like funk wit an abstract rap. "Shining Star:" fresh uptempo jazzy remake of the Earth, Wind & Fire Track. "Do You See What I See:" album filler, pass. "Moodness of Cool:" smooth (foreplay) scat-like rap vocal jazzy track. Side two is basic funk rap and vocal for the pot smoker or styler. Raps are sometimes dry, so look out for Jazzhole's 12 inch for dance floor instrumentals, DJs be aware.

Soul Bossa Trio Cubop/Ubiquity

Bossa Nova baby... you know all that music you hear in elevators and big clothing stores. Well Bossa Nova has stepped up in the '90s and you know what; it's really still the same as it was in the '60s. If it ain't broke. But Soul Bossa Trio do add more of a '90s production on vinyl play. For the you-are-there Bossa Nova, buy the old stuff like Henry Mancini, Herbie Mann, and Carlos Jobim. For the chill out room or café lounge DJ, Soul Bossa Trio will sway the room like a raft after the big ship sinks. Stand outs are "Baby Baby," "Poochie, Ain't No Sunshine" and "Call Me, Mr. Vibes."

KRS-One The Goddess Set Front Page

Yes! KRS-One breaks away from the major label stuff to put out underground jeep beats and chill hip hop. It's like being in the studio while Kris and his crew come up with shit - good and bad, simple and complex. Ten funky East coast, New York, boogie down, Bronx beats with the vocal mix out to throw your own KRS-One style raps. You'll at least dig 70 percent of it, if not all. Stand out tracks are "Venus," "Asherrah," "Aphrodite," and "Eve."

Cold Crush Bros EP Front Page

Another EP on Front Page where it's like being in the studio with the crew. If you put yourself in the state of a Todd One sweatsuit, a pair of Puma sneakers and a Kango, you might start to groove like it's 1982. For 1996 only the beats are still fly. The old skool raps pretty much suck. Lucky for the instrumentals on side two, play the beats and put a Wu-Tang acappella over it. -Juchi Jobim

Popular Mechanics

1995 was an intriguing year for Electronica. Musicians borrowed from diverse sources to create strange new hybrids of electronic music. While Goldie shared his sonic and rhythmic innovations, Tricky bared all with his psycho-sexual abstract blues.

Lo Recording's *Collaborations* compilation further exemplifies this freestyling notion by pairing disparate artists to create a wide variety of stimulating modern works. Wagon Christ and Bedouin Ascent team up with MLO to produce jazz tinged drum 'n' bass while former Flying Lizards member David Cunningham records subtle ambience against Scanner's desolate telephone recordings. Modern jazz saxophonist Lol Coxhill plays alongside Paul Schutze's post-fourth world experiments as Oasis fan and modern day crooner Mike Flowers gets the remix treatment from Ninja Tune's Funki Porcini. Other unlikely submissions come from Pere Ubu's David Thomas, ex-Bark Psychosis member Graham Sutton, and author/composer and all round new music guru David Toop.

Electronica's depersonalised focus allows its artists to follow several musical paths under a number of guises. UK techno wiz kid Mike Paradinas uses this idea to record under various aliases including U-Ziq, Tusken Raiders, Jake Slazenger, and most recently Kid Spatula. Paradina's latest diversion, *Spatula Freak*, surfaced on Jonah Sharp's Reflective Records late last year bringing together key elements from all of his work. The disorder of U-Ziq's over driven beats, Jake Slazenger's irresistible melodies (without the futuristic funk), and the cyclical rhythms and spurting electronics of Tusken Raiders, secure Paradinas' ability to craft challenging and intelligent techno. Listen for Paradinas to record as Gary Moscheles and the Badass Motherfunkers and for his upcoming collaboration with Richard James. -Linus

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Recordings for Deviants

Anton LaVey *Satan Takes a Holiday* Amarillo Records

When it comes time for us to take our rightful descent into the fiery depths of hell I don't think we'll be hearing the guttural grunts of Morbid Angel or Decide, or even the truly evil sounds of Ethyl Mermon's disco album (I'm saving that for another column). No siree kids, when the great horned one comes a tap-tap-tappin' at our doors we'll be hearing the sweet sounds of "Honolulu Baby" sung by none other than the epitome of evil himself, the high priest of the Church of Satan, Anton LaVey.

On Anton's second musical outing, *Satan Takes a Holiday*, we are treated to 17 re-workings of some of Anton's favorite songs sung by himself, his wife Blanche Barton and *Answer Me!* magazine contributor Nick Bougas. Even though most of the songs are more likened to Kurt Weill and Fats Waller than Venom or Slayer the Satanic sentiment is still evident in most of the songs.

The lyrical content ranges from suicide, "Blue Prelude," "Here Lies Love" (which features an amazing Theremin solo) to the whimsical aforementioned "Honolulu Baby." In "Hello Central" and "Give Me No Man's Land," Anton plays the part of a child trying to use the telephone to talk to his departed father who has been killed in the war. In the title track, "Satan Takes a Holiday," Blanche Barton sympathetically portrays Satan as a jivin' guy in need of a well-earned R&R break. Originally written in 1937, this song remained in obscurity as background music for magic shows and midnight spook shows until Anton rescued it and gave it the attention it richly deserved.

Satan Takes a Holiday reflects a lot of Anton's life before he shaved his head and declared himself the high priest of the Church of Satan in 1966. From his early years as a lion tamer (The Whirling Dervish which has been standard fare for circus wild animal acts) to his years as a burlesque organist (*Variations on the Mooche*).

It's all here kids. So dim the lights, settle back, and let His Infernal Majesty take you on a holiday tour of his world. SEE YOU IN HELL! —Johnson Cummins

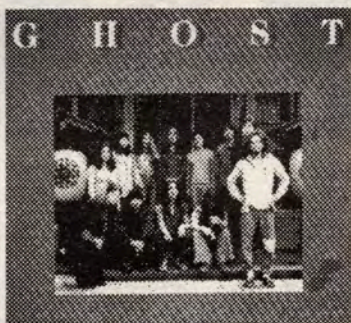
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Revolutions per Minute

After two in a half years since the release of *Manos*, Portland, Oregon's **The Spinanes** finally return with new material. Drummer Scott Plouf and guitarist/vocalist Rebecca Gates made a lot of noise for two people on that record, but on "Madding" (Sub Pop), levels have been turned low and the pace slowed. This track sounds like a indie-rock lullaby, with lyrics like "Hey baby I know you're tired, Hey baby you're pants are on fire." The B-side's "10 Metre Platform" is similarly mellow, focusing on Gates' fine pipes and guitar plucking. This is music for the perfect, horned-rimmed, indie-rock date of your choice.

In keeping with this issue's Japanese infatuation, this single by Japan's **Ghost** should keep everyone guessing as to what exactly the Japanese are up to. The band can boast up to seven members at a time, as they do on *Guru In The Echo* (The Now Sound), which was recorded in a temple. Bathed in psychedelic overtones and muted vocals, complete with percussion, organs, flutes and tin whistles, Ghost deconstruct psychedelic folk the same way the Boredoms tear apart notions of modern rock. It's really hard to know what to make of all this. Brief as it is, the flip-side's *Moungod Air Cave* is enough to give anyone the shivers with its low end chant, as a flute and percussion dance above it. This single still has me scratching my head. If Ghost was a colour, I'd have to say it's purple with bright little yellow dots.



Finally, as a closing bow to our Japanese friends, a final word from **Cibo Matto** once again, with two offerings from their musical menu. *Know Your Chicken* (El Diablo) precedes their *Viva La Woman* debut, and Miho and Ritzo are accompanied by Blues Explosion drummer Russell Simins on this plate of deep grooves and enough street sass to put a smile on even the most jaded. *Beef Jerky* graces the B-side with saxophone samples, keyboards and the same delicious groove that's propelled all this bumping glory so far. Maybe the whole "food" thing may get tired and schtick after a while so let's hope these two gals will have more up their sleeves and move beyond it all after the dust has settled. Right now they're still providing a lot of happy moments. Cibo Matto may mean "crazy food," but it also means "fun."

—Frederic Quimby

Sub Pop - A big office in Seattle with a view

The Now Sound - Box 91317 Durham NC, 27708

El Diablo - P.O. Box 146 Village Station NY 10014



Bangkok Hilton

—by Shane Smith

The first time I went to Asia it scared the pants off of me. In retrospect it was a lot like the first day I ever went to school, knees knocking and missing my mommy. I learnt shit upon shit in school, Asia, however, taught me where the shit was at.

A friend of my father's son had gotten himself locked up on possession charges in Thailand and his father was flying over to bail him out. I was asked to go along as support, travel companion and general muscle; all expenses paid.

The first day we hit Bangkok, Bangkok hit us right back. We weren't out of the airport 35 minutes before my companion, "Mr. Jones," was mugged, knife to his dick, while taking a piss in the bathroom of a five star hotel.

He wired home for more money.

We met our English speaking, Thai lawyer the next day before going to the holding cell to see "Todd." He told us that framing young western travellers on dope charges was popular among some police agencies. Since Todd had been written up for some Thastick, and not heroin, his chances of getting off were good. We would need to grease a few palms along the way but he was confident that all would be put right in the end.

I nearly puked when they brought Todd into the meeting cell; he stank and was continually scratching at the lice that covered his body, which was gaunt, his skin yellowed with jaundice. When he saw his father he collapsed and wept, his lungs sobbing out unintelligible sounds. We were allowed 15 minutes with him. The whole time he begged us to get him out so that he wouldn't be beaten or shot up with smack anymore.

We left the prison in shock, Mr. Jones crying and pleading with the lawyer to do everything in his power to hasten his son's release. Back at the hotel we got pissed in the bar to sober what we had seen that afternoon. Before going up to the room Mr. Jones wired home

for more money.

That night I went out to see Bangkok. What I saw was an orgy dedicated to the baseness of money. I was offered every drug imaginable, young girls, young boys, she-males. Something was for sale everywhere. People from Japan, Singapore, Europe, North America, South America, India and the Middle East were cruising around on pre-paid sex tours, or just sampling à la carte. Everything I saw was available, for a price.

to the hotel.

All in all it took 20 minutes: from hell to riding free between us, Todd unable to stop the weeping laughter which shook his body.

That night I left Todd and his father alone and hit the streets again. Those alleys caught you by the throat and dragged you in, unable to stop the pull; fear-an added kick, everyone a soft mark, a patsy, money bulging in their pockets and sin in their heads. You could smell the cash, the



I went back to the hotel and emptied my mini-bar before passing out.

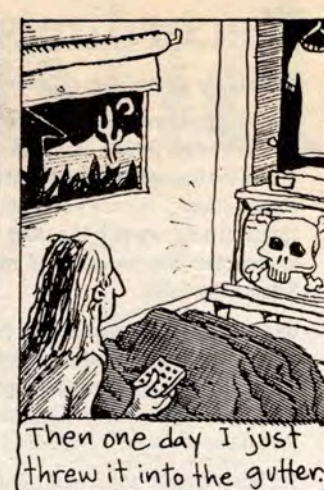
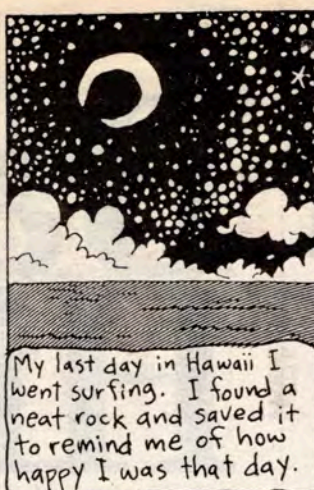
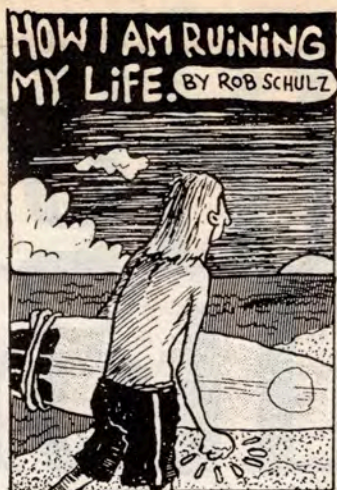
The next day, hungover and sweating in the thick heat, we drove back to the holding cells. Mr. Jones, the CEO of a large company, sat trembling beside me. I didn't relish the thought of going there again either. When we arrived we were in for a different kind of shock. Todd was presented to us clean shaven, dressed in a pair of beach shorts and a tank top. A simple exchange of values: his life for five grand US. No problem, sign the paper, plead guilty to several small crimes, pay the fine and we're in a cab speeding back

dope, sex, booze, piss and shit, the perfume of the '90s. I loved it, along with everyone else there, buying or selling.

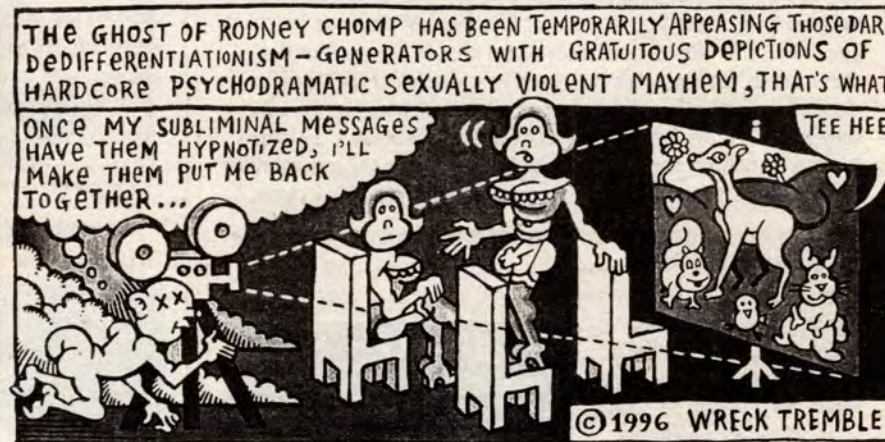
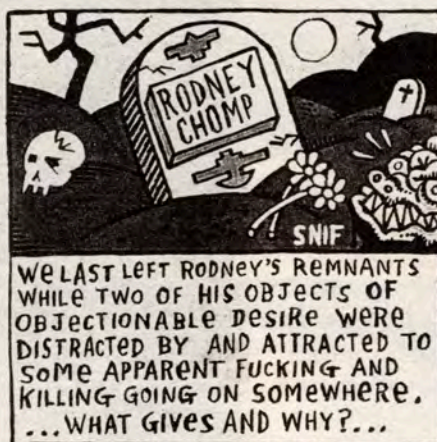
We booked tickets the next day. Todd borrowed another five large off his old man to free a Swedish cellmate of his. Mr. Jones hit Amex for a fat advance.

Four days down, 20 thousand out, we flew back home, back to our world. Mom waiting on the doorstep with milk and cookies all eager to hear about our first day at school. Sure knowledge is power and education is the key, but not the kind we learn in kindergarten.

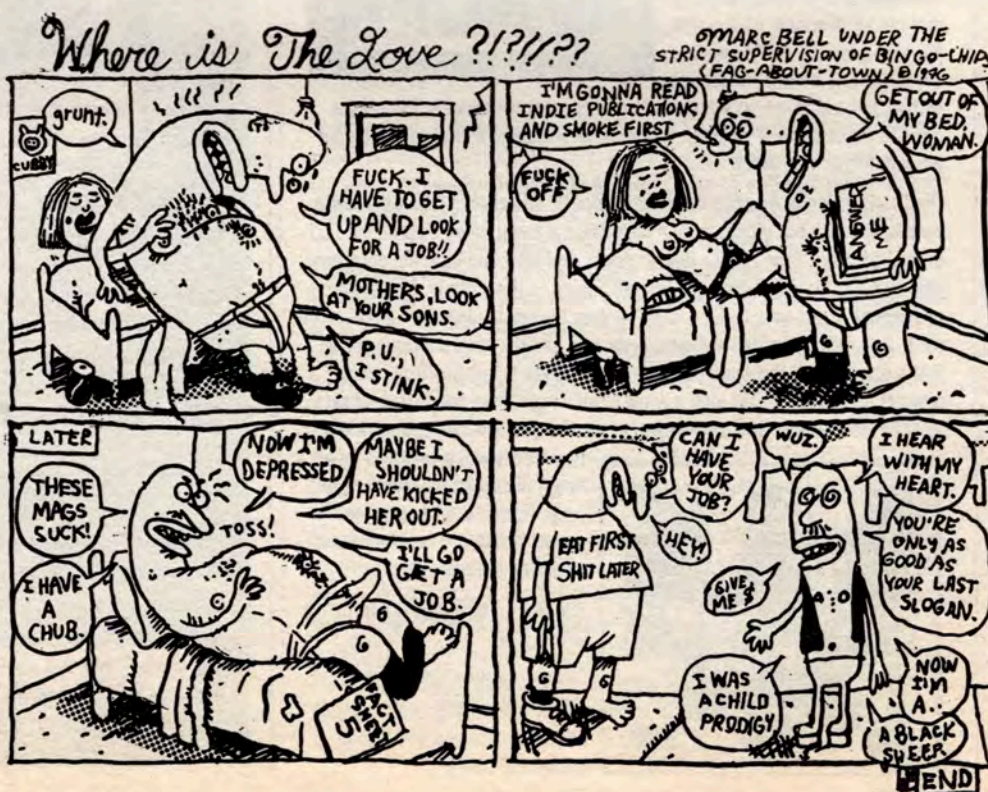
Protect ya neck kid!
—Wu-Tang Clan



WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN...



ODDVILLE!



-by Flo

Gushing Pride

As I sift through the aftermath of the *Come Into My Queer World* art show at Montreal's Concordia University I'm not sure whether to laugh or cry. This show was a cruel reminder of just how close violence and intolerance are.

The problems began at the opening when students protested against three of the many works. The pieces in question were: a painting by Andrina Cox entitled *Man of Sorrows*; a homo-erotic safe sex video by Grenier Daniel entitled *Exotic Images of Extended Foreplay*; and my activist painting entitled *Luxury Item*. I had expected controversy when I submitted my piece; a gaudy, gold-framed piece of fuchsia velvet with an acrylic-encased used tampon sewn onto the centre. Beside this was a document explaining that the work is meant to illustrate the absurdity of tampons (and other gender specific necessities) being taxed under legislation which deems them to be luxuries - along with ice lollies and TV dinners.

Apparently I made the right move in disgusting people with my piece because nobody tried to pull it down (probably because they

didn't want to touch it). Cox's painting, a traditional depiction of a sad looking Christ with a well-cloaked erection, did not repel people in the same way. During the vernissage she was swarmed by Christians expressing their opinion about the work. Even after the party was over people were calling in and threatening to rip it down from the walls.

No offense intended towards people with deep religious faiths, but let's face it, Christ was a man. Wouldn't it insult you more to think that the Son of God couldn't get it up?

The comment book from the show illustrates the kind of ignorance, fear and violence this artwork brought to light: "I won't tell you fuck you because you will be happy but anyways fuck you and fuck this art."

"I think the picture of our lord the greatest JESUS CHRIST is the most stupid work I have ever seen, but what can be done for a bunch of fagits (sic) like all of you! May Jesus protect you and forgive all of losers and fagits as you..."

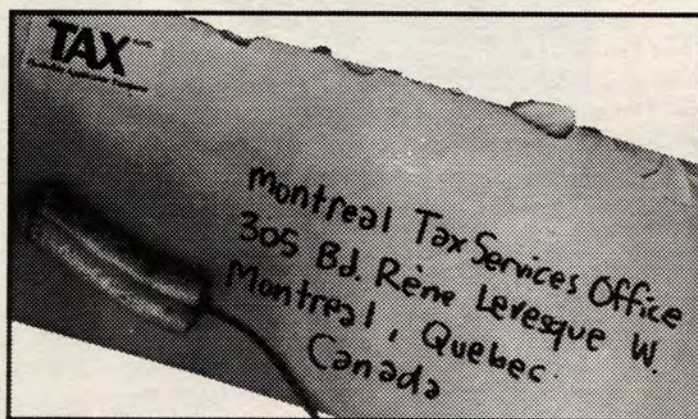
"I'm not sure I should be touching this book. God knows where you guys/oh sorry/FAGS have been. Please keep this

despicable display of human garbage to yourselves. P.S. Be afraid." (sic)

During the opening there was a call made to the security guards from inside the building instructing them to warn all of the "fagits" that when we left, they would be waiting for us.

Now that I'm not spending my days babysitting my work, and the threats are still coming in, it's become quite evident that our art work, shocking as it may be, was simply used as an excuse for unabashed queer bashing. Our invitation *Come Into My Queer World* was taken as a signal to attack. We are all grateful for those rare comments which thanked us for being brave where others could not; it's with this inspiration that I continue my *TWAT: Tampons Without Any Taxes* series. In conclusion I would like to explain that the point of *Luxury Item* was to spur menstruating women to express concern about the GST, a luxury item tax, being levied on our bodies.

1. Remove your tampon.
2. Generously apply acrylic gel medium (found in any art supply store) while still moist. The purpose is to seal the tampon in clear plastic, other materials may work just as well.
3. Let dry and reapply.
4. Look in the blue pages of the phone book under Revenue Canada Tax Services for the district office nearest to you.
5. Mail your sealed tampon to that address with an explanatory letter (no postage required as you are sending mail to a government office). Remember this is guerilla, using your real name might not be such a great idea.



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So you want to rent a porno. Some of you can saunter into the adult section of your local video store, head straight for the hermaphrodites, three-hundred pound mamas or what have you, tuck it under your arm and stroll on out like you own the place. No fuss, no muss, no ordeal. Others are less sure of who or what exactly it is they want to see and can remain lost for hours in a sea of titles such as *Edward Penis Hands* and *Pump Friction*. Such confusion is understandable since reviews are scarce and employees are usually unwilling to admit they can help you. So, unless you want to ask the freak in the raincoat to recommend something you're pretty much on your own.

Though 80 percent of the films are made in the USA you will, of course, find yourself eyeing the ones with European titles. It's that North American concept that when it comes to sex foreign is better. You know, sexy French accents, Italian stallions and all that rot. Well, mes amours, here's a handy dandy review of porn from around the world (or the stuff in Canadian video stores anyhow) so you'll know what to expect. By the way, we are talking about porn, not erotica. *The Story of O* and *Tokyo Decadence* are not porn. Just so we're clear.

Filles de Passes, (France)

Obviously the director of this epic-saga flunked out of some artsy film school and is trying to redeem himself by taking art to another realm. As we watch the descent of a young woman into a life of debauchery, ooky spooky voices intermittently interrupt to murmur "Filles de Passes" (just to remind you what you're watching I guess). She starts off with a woman and works her way up to taking two men at once. After each encounter she is told to "va te laver" (go wash) and she gets all soaped up and sits on a bidet. You also get to share her pain as she hoards cash and drinks herself into oblivion. Women: passable. Men: ugly. Recommended for those of you who prefer a story line with your sex and/or obsessive washers.

Melissa Die Traumfrau, (Germany)

Okay, we know these women are probably disease-ridden junkies but do they have to look like it? Where are the big blonde babes named Inga? This film is pretty yucky, the sex is methodical and no one looks like they're particularly enjoying it (but Germans

never look like they're enjoying anything). It's not dubbed so there's no pesky dialogue to get in the way, unless you speak German. There doesn't seem to be a plot either but it takes place in some type of office. Women: gross. Men: gross. Recommended for boring people with bad taste or fetishes for ugly people.

L'infirmière Italienne (Italy - dubbed in French)

Don't be fooled by the babe on the box, she's not in the movie. Okay, so there's this Gino hospital

head off to Montreal to make the next movie. Cute. Never a boring moment and Quebecers can look for people they know. Women: young babes with that "my first porno" appeal. Men: Not bad but they'd probably have a hard time getting laid in real life.

Recommended for people who like 18-year-old girls and road movies.

The Very Best of Doctor Pai Pai Crazy Fucking, (Japan)

This film wasn't available in stores and had to be procured



※素敵な女性だけ
お楽しみします

ハステルクラフ

administrator, see, and he makes the nurses fuck him when they've been bad girls. Then the nurses go and give it to the patients. There's an element of comic relief in the gang bang scene because one of the men has his head wrapped in bandages, which makes him look like an even bigger dolt than the rest of them. Not bad, just enough plot to make it a film but don't bother waiting for the usual lesbian act; there isn't one. Women: two babes, one skank. Men: same old, same old. Recommended for people who always fast forward over the dyke scenes.

Quebec Sexy Girls #1, Canada (Quebec?)

Set in beautiful, downtown Quebec city this low budget flick has that hospitable appeal Canadians are known for. Two guys, Big Ben and Buttluke, walk you through the city as they spontaneously pick up chicks who just happen to be closely shaved and ready to fuck their friends. Once in a while subtitled narrations appear to inform you of their whereabouts and the time of day (how thoughtful). The scenery changes from a car to a bathroom to some guy named Carlos's leather living room. Oh yeah, and a hotel. They travel around a lot. When they're done Big Ben and Buttluke get on the highway and

otherwise. Two women go to the gynecologist for what should be an ordinary pelvic exam and guess what happens! Three nurses contort the patients into uncomfortable looking positions while sticking their rubber gloved fingers and various medical instruments into any available orifice. Then they all rip off their clothes and get into a rather confusing all female orgy (so that's why I always ask for a female doctor). Cut to the bondage scene. Japanese women have a reputation for being demure. Bullshit! You name it, they've pierced it. Then they've attached it all together with ropes and chains. The aggressiveness of the men in this scene is a little too real. Gee, could it possibly stem from having such teeny-weeny peepees? At least these girls look like they're of the age of consent which is more than I can say for the nurses. Thank God there's no kung fu style dubbing. Women: Have you ever seen an ugly Japanese chick? Men: Small dicks and huge heads. Recommended for bondage freaks and people who were wondering what to do with all those medical instruments they've got lying around the house.

So there you have it. The world keeps turning and the porn keeps on churning.

Screwing Al Goldstein

-interview by Mark Lazar

I didn't expect a couch dance. I dialed the Florida number hoping for at least a few minutes of decent talk from Al Goldstein: porn legend, publisher of *Screw*, host of the mostly-naked cable talk show "Midnight Blue," candidate for Sheriff of Broward County, Florida and subject of a new documentary called *Screwed*. I figured I'd probably get the equivalent of a strip-club table dance if I got lucky and caught him in a talkative mood, he'd tell me a story or two, flip the bird to a few politicians and moralists and get back to the real business of pornography, publishing and politics. I slunk into the long-distance nudie bar, switched on my tape recorder and hoped for the best. I hit the jackpot. Al was definitely on the ball as he leapt into my journalistic lap, tore off his clothes and writhed up a storm. The man clearly loves to talk and he almost hijacked the interview once or twice.

Voice: I have some questions all ready for you here...

Al Goldstein: ...and I'm gonna lie about the answers.

Alright. I haven't seen your documentary, *Screwed*, but I've heard the soundtrack. Have you

"Milord" because I just saw *Richard III*...No, but I generally see myself as a godlike Renaissance man who transcends mere flesh. I'm not making this interview hard for you. You have to roll with the punches.

I've got a follow-up question: do you think you scare people?

Yes, because I'm bigger than life. I'm a big fat Jew. If I were a big fat black man they figure I'd mug them, but since I'm a big fat Jew they figure I'm gonna steal their wallets. Also, they figure, because I've been publishing *Screw* since 1968 I have the key to the greatest mystery of life: sex. So it both repels them and attracts them. But I am intimidating, some people have described me as "the Fred Flintstone of flesh."

So why does porn scare people?

America is filled with hypocrites, Jimmy Swaggart, Jim Bakker, Pat Buchanan. These people, these retards, feel that since sex is pleasurable and positive and life-affirming it's dirty. Pornography repels people because it's sex-positive. And

has a point of view, everyone can speak and no one is muzzled. When you guys (Canadians) were thinking about passing a constitution I spoke at about 40 colleges in Canada and I couldn't believe the feminists were opposed. It's your fault Canada because you elect hypocrites who are sex-hating...

In Canada [Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon] made a [censorship] law and it stuck. (Canada's censorship law was based on Minneapolis statute 24, theorized by Dworkin and MacKinnon)

Yes and the greatest thing of all was that Andrea Dworkin and MacKinnon, who were behind it, got hoisted by their own petards, hoisted by their own censorship, and now the stuff being censored is lesbian stuff, homosexual stuff. I am thrilled because the fem-Nazis are despicable. At least in America we spit at them and threw out their rancid point of view. But you Canadians are so stupid, you bought it and therefore you have no freedom. Dworkin, who is so ugly that I'd rather be gay in a prison cell with a big black lover than have sex with her, has driven so many heterosexuals to homosexuality. She is frightening. Of course she hates sex, no one wants to have sex with her. She looks like a mountain...

You were just referring to the episode when Andrea Dworkin passed a censorship law in Canada and got a shipment of her own books held up at the border.

Yes, isn't that poetic justice?

A step further, what about prostitution?

Legalize it! I just got my fourth divorce. Hookers charge less than wives who rip me off. I pay for it all the time. At least the price is fair with a hooker and she goes home at night. To me whoring is a dignified, bona fide career. Somebody who charges for sex, I love the honesty of it.

Why aren't you running for President?

I'm going to run for Congress here in Broward County in three years and I know I'll be very popular with the other congressmen because I'll have all the best hookers' names in my wallet. I can sort of dole it out - hopefully not to Senator Dole! ...And Clinton, I love Clinton. He's a womanizer, he loves women. What do we want, a homosexual in there? No. I want a heterosexual guy who wants to cheat on his wife. If I were married to Hillary, I'd be cheating too. Have you looked at those legs?

the King of Porn

Uh, yeah.

Yeah, you'd be cheating too. I'd be doing everybody, I'd probably be doing guys also. Hillary, she's from the Andrea Dworkin school. I think Andrea Dworkin does her makeup.

Oh, boy.

Wind me up, I'm ready.

You're scarin' me. So, how about the First Amendment? What about the Telecom Bill?

It's ridiculous, it'll be ruled unconstitutional. *Midnight Blue*, which I've been doing for 20 years, we go before the Supreme Court tomorrow. The censors - the Hitlers, the people who burned books in the late '30s - always go too far. They go from explicit representations of sex, which to them is dirty because their wives never saw an erection, then they go to things such as blasphemy and bad taste. America is bad taste, so how can you make it illegal? You cannot regulate another person if what that other person is doing does not hurt you.

How about censorship of the Internet?

It is absurd. In fact... leading that censorship issue was Germany. Isn't that hilarious? The country of Hitler and Himmler and Goebbels and six million dead Jews, homosexuals and Gypsies. They were gonna regulate everyone's right to read and reach material and surf. Of course, you know CompuServe backed down.

Right.

Censorship is fascistic. It's by people with little minds who are afraid of alternate points of view. It's absurd...

Another question...

...eight inches soft, 12 inches hard, Mark.

Ha ha. Okay, I was reading Linda Lovelace's book *Ordeal*...

She's a moron...she choked on my you-know-what, I made her throw up... That's why I've loved her ever since. She is brain-dead and the feminists adopted her. She was a part-time hooker living in Florida. She was very good at the oral sex thing, she was famous for *Deep Throat*. But she's a total idiot who takes no responsibility for anything, everyone makes her do something. It's pathetic. What I like are women who at least take responsibility for what they've accomplished or failed at.

Last question: who's the next big thing in skin flicks?

Good question. Well, it can't be Ron Jeremy because we're sick of him. You know, I'm too old, but I'm big. The guys don't matter, they have to be well-endowed and able to ejaculate in front of a crowd. The women are interchangeable... these girls are getting bigger and bigger boobs, you know, so maybe the next big porno actress will be a 19-year-old girl with like 60-Ds and she'll have three breasts; one on her back for balance. When she lies down she'll be comfortable. So I think that we're gonna see a future of three-breasted women.

Midnight Blue is on the Ecstasy Channel, Tuesdays at midnight. Screw is available on newsstands in free countries everywhere.

Mark Lazar, Voice Magazine's American cousin, lives and writes in Minneapolis.



seen or heard either?

I have a copy, I haven't looked at it. I have the soundtrack, I haven't listened to it, which is the story of my life. They invented sex, I've never done it. I'm strictly a voyeur who doesn't live a life. I just live at a deli counter in New York City. But the guys who made the film seem bright. Hopefully they'll make me into the legend I believe I am.

How would you characterize yourself?

Godlike.

Godlike?

A godlike Renaissance man. I want my girlfriend to call me

Canada is the most retarded of all. You have less freedom than the Germans in Berlin in the late '30s.

Well then, what do you have to say to Canadians? They don't have a First Amendment-style law.

I would tell them: move out. The idea that you cannot have hate messages delivered is ridiculous. Your country urinates in the face of free speech. I favor hate literature. I believe a Nazi has the right to say "Burn the Jews" and that I have the right to say "Let's kill the Nazis." In other words, I believe in (England's) Hyde Park.

Right, Speakers' Corner.

Everyone has a soapbox, everyone



15 Years of Dischord

—by Jonah Brucker-Cohen

*My political mind and my human conscience are
What I hope my thoughts and words reveal.
I could never sing a song I didn't feel.
I could never sing a song that wasn't real.
I wish just once you'd take a good look at my view,
Just to see what I see, what I feel, what I do.
—"Eyeballed" from
The Orafying Mysticle of Ignition,
Dischord Records (39C), 1989.*

When Dischord Records began in 1981, punk rock had already struck an international chord by challenging the political and moral codes of mass media, corporate enterprise, and government autonomy. The anarchical attitudes of late '70s punk had rooted its angst, in everything from anti-monarchy to anti-music industry, as a total rejection of social values and monetary hierarchies. Responding to these protests, Dischord Records began as a punk co-operative among friends and bands who created a medium, the 7" record, where their voices and opinions could be heard. Emerging out of Washington DC, in the heart of the US federal government, Dischord Records has remained a powerful anomaly by challenging institutional controls and dedicating themselves to financial,

promotional, and personal independence. Throughout its 15 year existence, Dischord Records has released over 100 LPs, 7"s, CDs, and cassettes from DC artists that fit the Mackaye philosophy. Over the years, Dischord has amassed an impressive roster of musicians who have gone on to national stardom, including Dave Grohl

Think moved on to corporate contracts with Atlantic and Epic. Facing the loss of its most profitable groups, as well as bands that broke up after releasing albums (Hoover, Circus Lupus, NOU), Dischord maintained its credibility on both financial and musical levels.

Ian Mackaye is one of the founders and current owners of

(DIS01), Mackaye has evolved from youthful hardCore fanaticism, embodied in his lyricist days in Minor Threat and Embrace, to the post-punk pragmatism of Fugazi, his current project.

Hailed by the media as the only remaining band and label of their kind not signed with a major, Fugazi and Dischord still exist as distinctly non-corporate entities. Mackaye is resolute on this purpose: "The way we look at it is that we're punk rockers. When we started out, the nemesis was the industry. They never did us no favors, and we didn't need them. The band was never intended to be a source of revenue for us. It is one at this point, which is nice, but it was not the concept, the concept was to be a band."

Mackaye characterizes his schematic approach to writing music as one that is intent on achieving growth through self-reflection and artistic control. "When we work on music, we suffer our music. When you hear these songs we have suffered these songs. We have pained over the writing...rearranged them endlessly. Ultimately we write songs and music because we want to do it the way we want to do it, and it's far more entertaining to just say 'fuck you' to the industry." Regressing somewhat from this nihilist attitude, Mackaye believes bands must make their own deci-

sions concerning their personal futures in a corporate world. "Every band has to make a choice about what they want to do with themselves, their band's existence... Virtually, every band I know, every peer of mine in a band, is now signed. Unfortunately, where the independent community has failed is on the label level in my opinion. I feel like independent labels behaved like major labels and treated their bands very poorly and were greedy. If you are going to be treated poorly and deal with people who are greedy, you might as well get good distribution too - so sign with a major."

Compared with independent labels, the six majors (CEMA (Capitol), PGD, BMG, WEA, SONY, and UNI (MCA)) have an advantage when it comes to distribution, but as Mackaye says, "just because something is accessible does not mean it's good or important or worthwhile...You can buy junk food at every corner of every stupid city street and that doesn't mean it's good for you. In fact, things that are foisted upon you the most are often the most vapid and empty."

After eight years of playing hundreds of five dollar, all-ages shows, and touring in over 17 different countries, Fugazi have proved that staying true to the DIY philosophy can materialize in both its political and functional incarnations. By incorporating its music and prominence into the greater fabric of community-oriented social networks, Dischord has emerged as an innovator of the modern independent

underground mindset. Intent on creating music that entices its listener to question their own minds, Mackaye sums it up nicely: "Thoughtfulness is something that is definitely on the wane. If people were more thoughtful about situations, they probably wouldn't get into such stupid ones all the time."

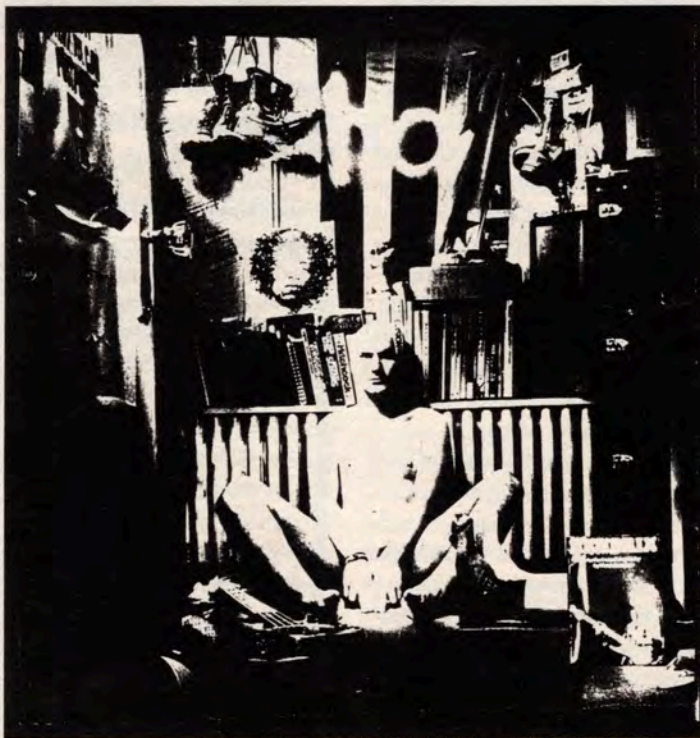


Photo: Thomas Squire

(Scream, Nirvana, Foo Fighters) and Brian Baker (Minor Threat, Junkyard, Bad Religion). As the label expanded, prominent bands such as Jawbox and Shudder to

Dischord and remains a strong purveyor of the Do-It-Yourself (DIY) aesthetic. Beginning his musical career as the bassist for the now defunct Teen Idles



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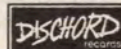
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Backshelf Scavenge

—by Michael Will

As a documentary Lech Kowalski's *D.O.A.* (1981) will never be likened to the works of Robert Florey or Frederick Wiseman, since it's really nothing more than a clever arrangement of amassed footage. This is precisely what makes it a great archival work, and not just by default of being

years as an intrigued observer, with neither the bludgeoning irony of an overly-educated voyeur nor with the candy coating of an anxious convert. His camera's simply there, pointing out the sights with the cheerful blandness of a tour guide. But what sights they are, and what a relief that we're left to

with their break-up concert in San Francisco. The on-stage stuff, when not too fragmented, is proof of what an electrifying performer Johnny Rotten was. Snarling out his catchy diatribes (many of them personal vendettas rather than political laments, as the helpful subtitles make intelligible) he uses the lost art of lyric emphasis with Sinatra-like command and further enhances his meaning with body language's most hilarious profanities. This is the real genius at the root of the Pistols phenomenon, no matter what that McLaren fraud keeps on blathering. In contrast, the over-adored Sid Vicious, making a single silly face as he tries to hog the stage with his make-believe bass playing, is an annoying distraction. There's laughs to be had during interviews with Sid and Nancy Spungen as they loll about in a junk haze at their Chelsea flat, but one's grimly reminded how these two mediocrities came to personify punk in the eyes of popular culture, the very mediocrity which punk was in revolt against.

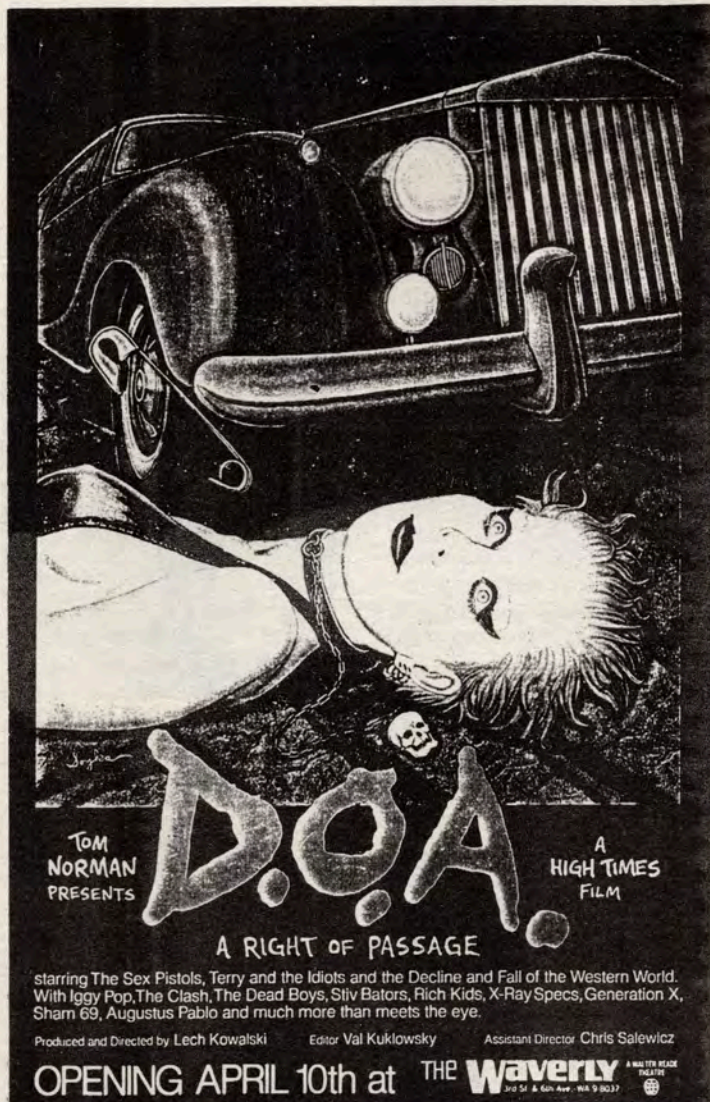
Rotten's brilliance is uncontested by the back-in-England performances of his contemporaries. There's the borderline bubblegum of Generation X, with plastic punk Billy Idol smiling prettily for the camera in the days before he tried to machoize himself with indigestion grimaces. Of prime novelty value is Glen Matlock's back-to-normality band, Rich Kids, whose anemic cover of "Pretty Vacant" shows just why he was kicked out of the Pistols.

Much better is The Dead Boys with dopey Stiv Bators (but they're really more glam than punk). The genuine fun of the early days is best illustrated in an appearance by X-Ray Spex, whose howling Polly Styrene whips her crowd of weirdos into a happy frenzy. Sham '69, on the other hand, has incredible hardrock energy but no sense of humour; its pompous lead singer displaying that hippie, senile, sanctimoniousness that dearly leads into the age of The Clash. Their angry audience, with its drawn battlelines of image-exacting punks and skins, follows suit by living up to all the negative hype.

This process of the audience embracing the myth built around it is exemplified by the Americans we meet along the Pistols' tour. Throughout the Deep South there are, of course, the shrieking Christers and stupid rednecks (Sid impresses by clobbering one with his bass), but far more interesting

are the disenchanted youth who, in their charming approximations of punk garb, rejoice the arrival of some real fun to their backwaters of oppressiveness. By the time we get to San Francisco, however, the fans are as abusive and hostile as the movement's many detractors, making a desperate bid for coolness by acting out roles created by a lying media. Interviewees become antagonistic for no reason whatsoever. If there was, beyond middle-class angst, a point to early North American punk (and it

sure felt like there was) these awful Frisco trendies didn't nearly grasp it as their wide-eyed bumpkin cousins did. This is especially evident in the poignant moment that inspires the film's gaudy poster art. A Texan punkette lies in the middle of the street where she's been thrown by cops and, with intelligence and mustered dignity, quietly marvels how she's been victimized solely on the basis of her appearance which, she realizes, shouldn't surprise her in the slightest.



one of a kind. This is, as far as I know, the only extensive film record of the punk movement in its late '70s infancy (the same period's Punk Rock Movie, also essential viewing, is mostly all concert). Though he's not exactly impartial, Kowalski captured those

our own musings about them.

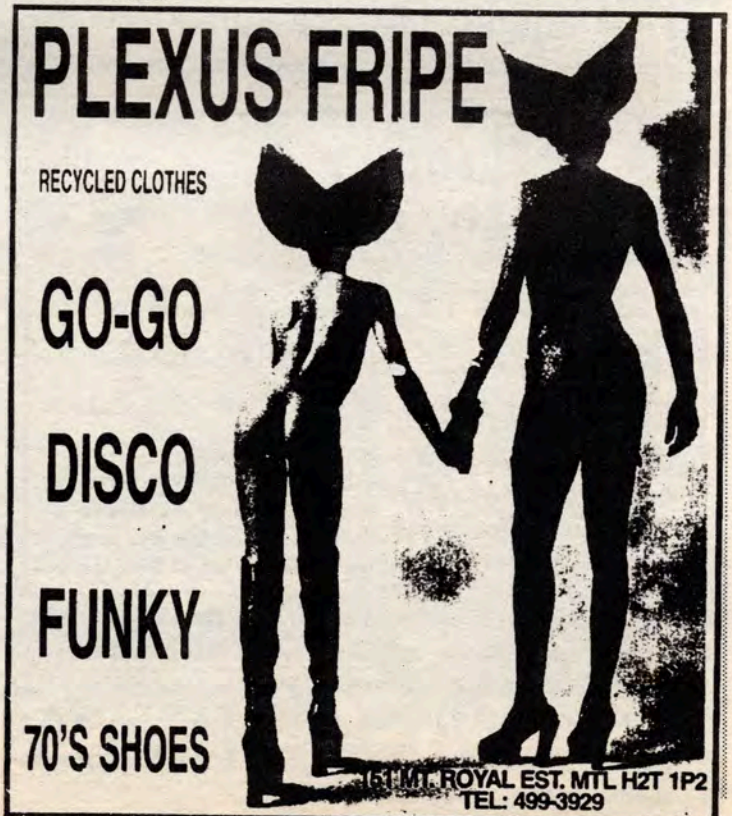
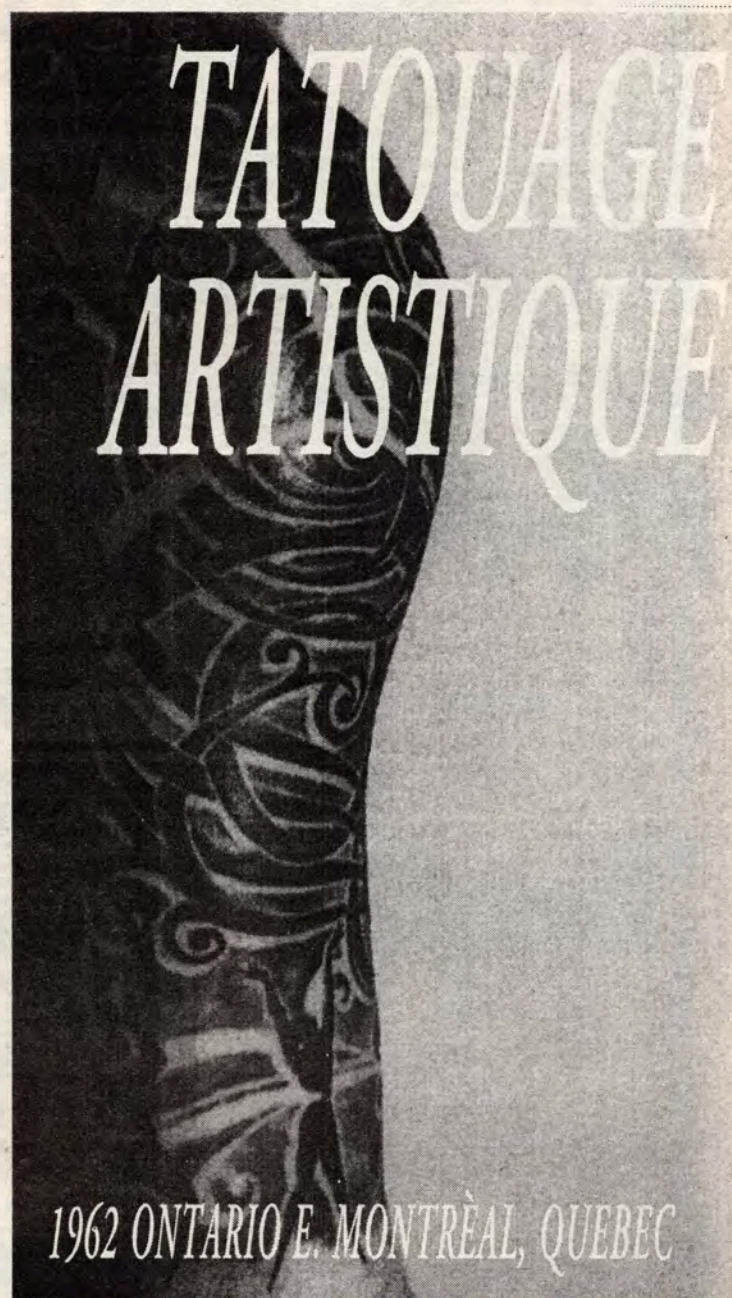
The Sex Pistols and their legendary American tour make up the thinnest of a connecting thread. Kowalski, without being too chronological about it, catches the mood of a few of their Deep South stops and concludes things

Japanimé

8.0.1. T.T.S. Airbats

This movie is essentially slapstick humor mixed with romance. A boy is sent to a special all girl fighter plane defence force and finds himself caught between two young babes. Throughout the movie the girls fight over him and jeopardize their partnership by wreaking havoc all over the air base, leaving our hero unable to choose between them. Though totally cheesy and predictable, Airbats has the heaviest and most detailed anime I've ever seen. A revolutionary piece that will surely inspire hoards of imitators. By the end the protagonist is unable to choose

between the beautiful and feisty babes; every nerd's fantasy. But how could Airbats creators be anything but social retards when this film easily took decades of talent to finish. —Stormy



Literary Review

Deathtripping: An Illustrated History of The Cinema of Transgression
Written, edited and compiled by Jack Sargeant
Creation Books, 1995

"We propose that all film schools should be blown up."

—Nick Zedd

The Cinema of Transgression Manifesto

Throughout the mid to late '80s I used to seek out any old (pre-glossy) *Film Threats* and punk rags that happened to mention or interview anyone having anything to do with this lower east side, NYC, no-wave, no-budget, underground film movement and wish that somehow, some kind of Montreal equivalent would manifest itself. My band used to enjoy attempting to play alongside our own dinky, home-made, super-8, gore films so I can relate to the *Cinema of Transgression's* obstacles and aspirations, whose defiantly defensive,

drug-addled ramblings were inspiring and humorous. They proved to be lifers whereas we dwindled due to occupational hazards.

Poster boys for the movement, Nick Zedd, of *Police State* fame (Richard Hell, Lydia Lunch and Annie Sprinkle being some of his subjects), and Richard Kern of *Fingered* (who's played guitar for G.G. Allin, done Sonic Youth videos and recently released a lush coffee table book on the countless voluptuous subjects of his films and photographs: *New York Girls*) top off this collection of essays, recent interviews, film synopses and film scripts. *Deathtripping* defines, chronicles, and often over-interprets the confrontational work of dozens of these previously neglected artists with all the footnotes, fancy French philosopher quotes and film studies buzzwords you can eat in an attempt to legitimize these works for the uninitiated. Comparing conflicting aspirations (such as in the chapter on women

contributors where resentment towards the male dominated tone the movement took is described) is the high point of this book, but the inspiring D.I.Y. approach that can be derived from fanzines somehow becomes muted with canonization.

I was surprised to find out Jon Spencer was such an active, albeit reluctant, participant early on, once causing a near riot with a film of himself jerking off and dripping excrement.

In September '92, Jay Sosnick interviewed Richard Kern on *Cinema of Transgression* for the *Nothing Sacred* fanzine:

Jay Sosnick: "Your party is going to be someone's term paper someday..."

Richard Kern: "That's fine though, that's good. I'm glad people do that, you know? I'm more than happy to be a part of something that someone might write about somewhere, to contribute to anyone's idea of myth or a possible way to be. But to scam, scam, scam — and have

people take it seriously, you know? That's it for me. Like to take a shit and have people sit around and ponder it, that's what cracks me up. That's what the whole *Cinema of Transgression* was to me." (laughs) —Rick Trembles

DEATHTRIPPING



The Cinema of Transgression

Preentious Shit #6

Happily delving into "Debauchery, Decadence and Decline," *Preentious Shit* is an obscure zine from the American heartland that tells all. From an interview with Joni, a transvestite prison slut in the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility, to a medical report on the rectal impaction of an enema with concrete mix, to zine reviews and stink bomb recipes, this zine is worth obtaining for those who enjoy publications like *Answer ME!*, *Sewer Cunt*, *Fuck*, and *Murder Can Be Fun*. For an extra buck you can also receive the "best-selling epic gangster coming-of-age short story" called "The Little Crack Dealer That Could." For an all-around good time, read *Preentious Shit*.

—Suroosh Y. Alvi

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PRETENTIOUS SHIT #6



Transvestite Prison Slut!

Bunnyhop #6

Every issue of *BunnyHop* takes on a theme and runs with it.

Every issue of *BunnyHop* is the hard work and dedication of Noël Tolentino, along with pal Seth Robson.

Every issue of *BunnyHop* is a delight.

This is the "normal" issue, peeking into what makes one normal, with Jonathan Richman as the patron saint of normalness. Articles touched on the merits of desiring the normal guy (by *Ben Is Dead's* Darby), white trash pride, proper etiquette when dating, driving and dining, and look at inter-racial dating, skinny white women and Menthos conspiracies.

This is only a fraction of what's waiting between these 110 pages, including your standard music interviews with the likes of Helium, Steel Pole Bathtub, The Railway Children and Esquivel, all posed with normality questions, plus chats with Lisa Carver and Boyd Rice, who come across like Ma and Pa Cleaver, and the former editor of *Future Sex* magazine, Lisa Palac.



Besides good writing the layout is impeccable, not always a strongpoint in self-published magazines. It's hard to even consider *BunnyHop* a fanzine it's so slick. A perfect companion to those who enjoy *Ben Is Dead*. —Fred Quimby

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